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uniform success. It may be applied either alone, or jointly with other means; and not only in superficial, but in deep wounds, taking care to induce a slough proportioned to the depth and extent of the wound, so as to leave no doubt of having penetrated to the very bottom. This is extracted from Dr. Ferrier's Medical Histories and reflections: vol. iii. p. 220.

A cheap and efficacious process of destroying contagious matter, with which walls are penetrated, and as it were impregnated, lately discovered in France.

It consists of a coating, or varnish, of which quick-lime, glue, milk and oil are the principal ingredients, and which forms a speedy and complete coating of the walls, covering all the porosities, and destroying all the adhesive contagious matter, or mephitism. The use of this white-washing, or varnish plaster, ought certainly to be put to immediate trial, in any hospital, infirmary, or prison, workshop, or factory, which is in danger from infectious matter settling upon the walls. The name of the discoverer is Cadet de Vaux, and the measure is supported by the authority of the two most eminent French chemists, Fourcroy and Deycaux.

Might not a wash of this kind for the walls of the habitations of the poor, and also a soap made of cheap material for domestic use, be a proper way of expending a part of the large sums subscribed for Fever Hospitals?

New Method of detecting Arsenic.

Mr. Joseph Hume has discovered a new method of detecting this deleterious mineral. The test he proposes as a substitute for those already used, appears to be more efficacious, as it produces a more copious precipitate from a given quantity of that substance. It is composed in the following manner. Let one grain of white oxyde of arsenic and the same quantity of carbonate of soda, be dissolved by boiling in ten or twelve ounces of distilled water, which ought to be done in a glass vessel: to this last let a small quantity of the nitrate of silver be added, and a bright yellow precipitate will instantly appear. This is a more decisive test than sulphate of copper, which forms Scheele's-green (arseniate of copper) and though the process answers very well with potash, or lime-water, yet Mr. Hume is inclined to prefer the common subcarbonate of soda.

DETATCHED ANECDOTES.

METASTASIO.

THE following beautiful passages are in an opera of that elegant Italian dramatist, Metastasio, which is entitled "La Clemenza di Tito." Voltaire, quotes them, with high praise, in the critical preface to his own Semiramis.

The first is where Titus addresses Sextus, who had rebelled against him, but whom the emperor had honoured with his warmest friendship.

Siam soli, il his sovrano
Non é presente; apri il tuo core a Tito,
Confidi tè all' amico: io ti prometto
*Ch' Augusto no'l saprà.**

* We are alone, your sovereign is not present: open your heart to Titus, trust your *friend*: I promise you that the *emperor* shall not know it.

The second is no less noble,

Il torre altrui la vita
E' facolta commune
Al piu vil della terre; il darto ë solo
*De numi e de regnanti**.

The latter thought may be traced a little in the Latin verse,

Solo Deo æquat clementia nobis.

SIR WM. TEMPLE.

Here are some excellent observations of Sir William Temple, who was esteemed the most elegant writer of his day, but whose writings are now very little known.

His three wishes were, health, peace, and fair weather.

* The vilest wretch on earth may rob another of life: to give it, is the privilege of kings and Gods alone.

Sir William considers the common ingredients of health and long life (where births are not impaired by any derived infirmities of the race they come from) to be, great temperance, open air, easy labour, little care, simplicity of diet, rather fruits and plants than flesh, which easier corrupts; and lastly water, which preserves the radical moisture without too much encreasing the radical heat.

Speaking of the influence which anxiety has on the body—"I remember," says Sir William, "an ingenious physician, who told me, that in the fanatic times, he found most of his patients so disturbed by troubles of conscience, that he was forced to play the divine with them before he could begin the physician."

"Socrates," says Temple, "used to say, that it was pleasant to grow old with good health and a good friend; and he might have reason, if man be content to live, while he is no trouble to himself or his friends; but after that, it is hard if he be not content to die. I knew and esteemed a person abroad, who used to say, a man must be a mean wretch who desired to live after three-score years old. But so much no doubt is certain, that in life as in wine, he that would drink it good, must not draw it to the dregs."

A CURIOUS MISTAKE OF PLUTARCH.

This ingenious Bœotian mistook the name of LEVI among the Jews for Λεῦι one of the bacchanalian cries, and accordingly supposed that they worshipped Bacchus. It is rather matter of surprize that the word ἁλελεῦ which was used on the same festival occasions and which also signifies Hallelujah, did not occur to him as an additional reason for this strange surmise.

FORCE OF PREJUDICE.

Dr. Darwin, in his *Zoonomia*, endeavours to prove that there is no such thing as instinct, but that the faculty so named in the brute creation can be explained on the principles of imitation. He read the chapter in which this is attempted to be proved to a lady, who was in the habit of rearing canary-birds. She combated his opinion, and in the course of the argument observed to him, that the pair of birds which they then saw building their nest in the cage were a male and a female, who had been hatched and reared in that very cage, and had not been in existence when the mossy cradle in which they received existence had been fabricated. She asked him, how, on his principle of imitation, he could account for the nest he then saw building, being constructed, even to the precise disposal of every hair and shred of wool, upon the model of that in which the pair were born, and of which every other canary bird's nest is constructed, where the proper materials are furnished. That of the pye-finch, added she, is of a much compacter form, warmer and more comfortable. Pull one of them to pieces for its materials; place another before these canary birds as a pattern, and see if they will make the slightest efforts to imitate the model. On the contrary, the result of their labours will be exactly the slovenly little mansion of their race, the same with that built by their parents before they themselves were hatched. The Doctor could not do away the force of that single fact, with which his system was incompatible. Yet he maintained that system with philosophic steadiness, though experience brought conviction from a thousand sources.

DUTY OF A REPRESENTATIVE.

Mr. Curwen in his address to the Electors of Carlisle in 1806, thus describes a faithful representative; "He *entertains a constitutional jealousy* of the executive government, his eye is steadily fixed upon ministers, and his ear turned to the people."

LINES WRITTEN SOME YEARS AGO, ON THE WAINSCOTTING OF AN INN IN NEWRY.

For lending, and spending, and giving,
This world's a very good world to live in,
But for begging, or borrowing, or holding one's own,
'Tis the very worst world, that ever was known.

ANCIENT IRISH DANCE.

When James the 2nd of England landed at Kinsale, his friends, who waited his arrival on the sea-shore, received him with the *Rinceadh-fada*, the figure and execution of which delighted him exceedingly. This was the figure. Three persons abreast,

each holding the end of a white handkerchief, first moved forward a few paces to slow music, the rest of the dancers followed two and two, a white handkerchief between each couple. Then the dance began. The music suddenly changing to quick time, the dancers passed with a brisk step round the handkerchiefs of the three in front, wheeled round in semicircles, formed a variety of pleasing animating evolutions, interspersed at intervals with *entre-chants*, or cuts, united, fell again into their original places behind, and ceased.

DUKE OF BEDFORD.

The Duke of Bedford, who had been regent of France during the reign of Henry VI. after experiencing great vicissitudes of success, and seeing the English affairs gradually declining in that kingdom, died of grief and vexation at Rouen. A few years afterwards, when Charles, the legitimate king of France, received his authority, he was advised by some of his courtiers, to demolish the monument of black marble which had been raised over the body of that hero, but he declined such a mean revenge, nobly saying, "Let him repose in peace, and be thankful that he does repose: were he awake, he would make the stoutest among us tremble."

THE MUSES DISHONOURED.

One of the old English historians tells of a nobleman, who finding his convivial pleasures interrupted by the supplications of two itinerant poets, from a neighbouring university, ordered his servants to place them in two buckets, and to immerse them by turns in a well, until they had composed a poem on their deplorable situation. The company, it is added, enjoyed the jest extremely.

LOUIS XI.

Lewis XI. of France was one of the greatest monsters ever recorded by the page of history. Murder was with him a trifling crime; and Tristran d'Hermite, his great provost, a servant worthy of such a master, well seconded the pitiless monarch. One day the king observing at his levee an officer against whom he had conceived some dislike, made a private sign to Tristran, who, apt at his duty, enticed the person whom he imagined to be the devoted object of his royal master's anger, into the palace yard, thrust him into a sack, and threw him into the Seine. Unluckily he had mistaken a well fed monk who stood in the same line with the officer, for his devoted victim. Next day Lewis having been told that the man whom he hated had been seen alive, charged Tristran with it. "Your majesty must mistake," replied he, "the monk must be near Roan by this time." "What monk?" "Him that your majesty pointed at." "Pasque Dieu," exclaimed the humane prince, "you have drowned me the best priest in France. Well! we must have a dozen masses said for his soul. It was a sad mistake of yours. I meant that dog of a captain, not the poor monk."

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE TEAR.

WHEN Henry to the battle went,
And left us in despair,
To me a tender sigh he lent,
I dropt a silent tear.

Adieu! he cry'd, and softly prest
Me to the heart I held so dear,
Now far from me my love did rest,
And I found comfort in a tear.

And oft in evening's pensive hour
I wandered forth my heart to cheer;
Oh! sweetest balm, I'll thee adore,
My heart thou eas'dst, thou cooling tear!

But when I heard in battle fell
The youth that to me was so dear,
Ah! who could then my sorrows tell,
How oft I've dropt the silent tear?

And oh! thou eas'dst my bursting breast;
Thou calm'dst my grief and anguish drear,
Thou sooth'dst my troubled soul to rest
Thou life—thou soul reviving tear!

Still full of woe I sat me down,
And soon my frame was chill'd with fear,
I heard a voice, 'twas Henry's own;
He said, "Maria, dry that tear."